The hiſtory of *Troylus* and *Creſſeida*.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troylus.

Troy. CAll heere my varlet, Ile vnarme againe,
Why ſhould I warre without the walls
That finde ſuch cruell battell here within,
Each Troyan that is maiſter of his heart,
Let him to field *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are ſtrong and skilfull to their
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſſe valiant,
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then ſleepe;fonder then ignorance,
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſſe as vnpractiz'd infancy:

Pan. Well,I haue told you enough of this; for my
not meddle nor make no farther;hee that will ha
out of the wheate muſt tarry the grynding.

Tro. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding;but you muſt tarry the boul

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Paude. I the boulting;but you muſt tarry the le

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I,to the leauening, but heares yet in the wo
after,the kneading,the making of the cake, the he
ouen,and the baking, nay you muſt ſtay the coolin
yea may chance burne your lippes.

Troy. Pacience her ſelfe, what Godeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſuffrance then I do:
At *Priams* royall table do I ſit
And when faire *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So traitor then ſhe comes when ſhe is thence.

Pand. Well ſhee lookt yeſternight fairer then euer
looke, or any woman els.

Troy. I was about to tell thee when my heart,